

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Our Sovereigne proceſſe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet*, doe it England,
For like the Heſticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me : till I know 'tis done,
How ere my haps, my joyes will nere begin. Exit.

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army over the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him that by his licence *Fortinbrasse*
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdome; you know the rendezvous,
If that his Maieſtie would ought with us
We ſhall expreſſe our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doe't my Lord.

Fortin. Goe ſoftly on.

Enter Hamlet, Roſencrans, &c.

Ham. Good ſir whoſe powers are theſe?

Cap. They are of *Norway* ſir.

Ham. How propos'd ſir I pray you?

Cap. Againſt ſome part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them ſir?

Cap. The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* ſir,
Or for ſome frontier?

Cap. Truly to ſpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name,
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it,
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in ſee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollack* never will defend it.

Cap. Nay 'tis already gariſond.

Ham. Two thouſand ſoules and 20000. duckets
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw;
This is th'impoſtume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and ſhewes no cauſe without
Why the man dyes. I humbly thanke you ſir.

Prince of Denmark

Cap. God buy your ſir.

Rof. Will't pleaſe you goe n

Ham. Ile be with you ſtra

How all occasions doe inform
And ſpur my dull revenge? W
If his chiefe good and market
Be but to ſleepe and feed? a b
Sure he that made us with ſuc
Looking before and after, gav
That capability and God-like
To ſuſt in us unus'd: now wh
Beſtiall oblivion, or ſome crav
Of thinking too precifely on t
A thought which quarterd hat
And ever three parts coward:
Why yet I live to ſay this thi
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and
To doe't: examples groſſe as e
Witneſſe this army of ſuch ma
Led by a delicate and tender l
Whole ſpirit with divine amb
Makes mouthes at the inviſibl
Expoſing what is mortall and
To all that fortune, death, and
Even for an egge-shell. Right
Is not to ſtir without great arg
But greatly to finde quarrell i
When honour's at the ſtake. I
That have a father kill'd, a mo
Excitements of my reaſon and
And let all ſleep, while to my
The imminent death of twent
That for a fantaſie and tricke
Goe to their graves like beds,
Whereon the numbers canno
Which is nor tombe enough a
To hide the ſlaine? O from th
My thoughts be bloody, or be

Cap